Dar. Aboone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I praythee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what it is thou demaundeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhmen was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Tewxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your waiting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and your for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawne
How that the guiltie kindred of
Lookt pale when they did heare
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto th
God will reuenge it. But come l
To comfort Edward with our c
Enter Dutches of York
Boy. Tell me good Granam, i
Dut. No boy.
Boy. Why do you wring you
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnl
Girle. Why do you looke on
And call vs wretches, Orphane
If that our noble father be aliue
Dut. My prittie Coſens, you
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the
As loth to looſe him, now you
It were loſt labour to weepe fo
Boy. Then Granam you con
The King my Vncle is too bla
God will reuenge it, whome I w
With dayly prayers all to that
Dut. Peace children peace, th
Incapable and ſhallaw innocen
You cannot geſſe who cauſde y
Boy. Granam, we can: for m
Told me, the King prouoked
Deuis'd impeachments to imp
And when he told me ſo he we
And hugd me in his arme, and
And bad me relie on him as or
And he would loue me dearely
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould
And with a vertuous vizard h
He is my ſonne, yea and therei
Yet from my dugs he drew no
Boy. Thinke you my Vncl
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, hark

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